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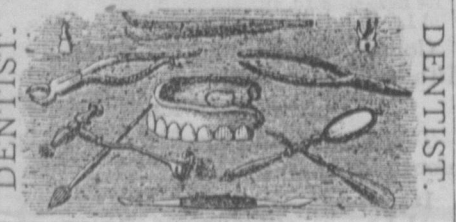
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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1878.

NUMBER 14.

POETRY.

SAINT VIOLET.

AN APRIL CAPRICE.

You little love of April skies,
Small violet upon the hill,
Lift up to mine your tender eyes,—
If doubt them; once, when saints were rare,
Some poet saw you shy and fair,
And sainted you; and since the earth
Has always poets for each spring,
Whose blessed birthright is to sing,
Your sainthood finds its witness still.
I come not that the year's new birth
May make its parallel in me;
Nor do I pray, that as I free
These dewy grass-blades from your face,
Their lonely drops of Helicon
Anoint me to spring minstrelsy;
This living sod I kneel upon,
That may hold, as of one race,
A human-hearted task to-day.
Saint Violet, what would you say
If some keen-visioned star should smite
You in the hushed and dreaming night
What sad self-knowledge—bid you probe
Your simple self—arraign your days
With failure, and should so disrobe
You, shrinking, of your poet's praise?
Speak, Violet; would you choose to be
This soul that from itself would flee?
Your blameless peace but once to know
All mortal chance I could forego;
Think fast within your purple hood:
The pain of loving you will learn—
The pain—ah me! how can I turn
From that dear habit,—that great good?
And sometimes, to your human eyes
This changeful sky that bathes and dries
Your upturned face, will surely seem
The vestment of a Soul supreme;
The vestment thinning to the sight,
Of an unborrowed parent-light.
Against your loveless peace I set
One glimpse of God, one chance to say,
Between the dawn and death of day,
"I love—an blest!" O, Violet!
Content you, little, sweet-breathed saint,
Your choice is past, and my complaint,
Poor Violet, who ne'er can be
This hopeful soul that kneels by thee.
—Annie R. Annan, in the April "Scribner."

STORY TELLER.

THE OLD DESK.

"Mother," said Grace, "I wonder
what made you buy that old dirty, ill-
looking desk, and what did you give?
I should think you did not pay much
for such an old piece of furniture."
"I did not give much for it—only
eighty cents, which I think is very
cheap, and it will do for us, as I have
said before. And certainly, it is a cu
rious thing, isn't it, Grace? We will
will clean it up in the morning and
put in our things."
"Well," said Grace, "I think you
bought it very cheap; but how George
will laugh when he comes home to
night, as we expect him in about two
hours."
George made one of his regular vi
sits as he was accustomed to do; when
he arrived, on looking around the
room he espied the old desk and ex
claimed:
"Mother, why what have you got
there? What upon earth have you got,
Grace?"
"Why, George," said Grace, "you
know mother had to pawn her bureau,
and not having any drawers to put
away what few things we had, she was
out to-day getting some work, and in
passing by an auction in Beacon street
she dropped in and saw this old desk
and as it was going very cheap, she
bid it off at eighty cents."
"Well, done, mother; I think you
have bought one of the oldest old
things in the world."
"Well, George, I am going to clean
and fix it up in the morning and see
what it is made of."
George not only came home that
evening to see his mother and sisters,
but to arrange some matters and af
fairs he had in contemplation with his
employers about his future welfare.
As George had attained his freedom,
being twenty-one years of age and ma
tured to a noble figure, endowed with
rare qualities of intellect, possessing a
most bland and benevolent disposition
and beloved by all of his acquaintances
and associates, he was the pride of his
mother and sister.
"Mother," said George, after scan
ning the old desk to their satisfaction,
"I have something very important to
communicate to you to-night from my
employers, and want your good coun
sel and advice, and it is simply this.
Messrs. Goodhue, Rich & Co., have
proposed to have a branch of their
business located in New York, and
have made me an offer to go there and
become a partner with them, giving me
an equal share of the net profits. They

will insure me success if I will only
consent to go. Now, mother, what
think you of this proposition? I have
a letter from them to you, stating their
wishes.
"Thank God," said Mrs. Stanley, af
ter perusing the contents of the letter
(from Messrs. Goodhue, Rich & Co.)
"that I am blessed with such a son.
It makes my heart leap for joy; all my
poverty I count as nothing to be com
pared to such a blessing as you are to
me, and I freely give my counsel that
you may go with them; but, George,
never be lifted up by your high sta
tions in society, always remember the
poor and needy in whatever station
you are placed, remember God sees all
your dealings."
"Well, mother, I shall in the morn
ing give my consent, as you are will
ing; and what says sister Grace to
this plan?"
"I freely and cheerfully give my con
sent, and may you ever hold fast to
your integrity."
Grace felt joyful to think she had
so beloved a brother; and as soon as
George departed they retired to rest,
not forgetting to thank God for such
blessings in this time of need.
"I had a very singular dream last
night; I would tell it to you if you
did not always laugh at my credulity,"
said Grace, next morning.
"Well, I do, think people are very
unwise to have confidence in a dream,
but what was this very singular dream
of yours?"
"That old desk was what troubled
me exceedingly. I thought we lived
in quite good style, still you would
have the old desk in our parlor. I
said all I could, and George did the
same, but you were determined it
should be located in the most conspic
uous place in the room. I thought
one day that very wealthy Mr. Bush
nell called here as an old friend of fa
ther's. I thought it was a great hon
or to receive a call from a person so
much our superior, and I, of course,
felt mortified to have him think we
were so poor, so I began to make
some sort of an excuse about it."
"But," said the old gentleman, "I
have known things of less value than
that, to be the means of one's making
their fortune."
"As soon as he said this I became
impressed with the idea that the old
desk was in some way to contribute
an abundance of riches to us; it so
absorbed my mind that I used to stand
hours and look at it as if it was some
thing sacred and mysterious. And I
awoke this morning with the impress
ion on my mind just as strong as when
in my dream. I have been trying ever
since I got up to reason myself out of
this foolishness."
"I should think you might very eas
ily do that," said Mrs. Stanley.
"Well, I am going to clean the old
beauty as soon as we get through with
our breakfast."
"I want you to and put what few
things we have away in the drawers."
"Don't you think, mother, we had
better try and get back some of our
old furniture? For my part I should
rather have it than any new we can
find, it would bring with it so many
pleasant associations."
"I shall endeavor to obtain some of
it, if I possibly can get it," replied Mrs.
Stanley.
Immediately after breakfast was
over, Mrs. Stanley and Grace com
menced operations upon the antique
occupant of their room.
"Now," said the mother, "we will
have no paraisical shining up of the
outside, but begin internally, and ar
range that according to our wishes."
"I prefer," said Grace, "to brighten
its old visage first; and, if you please,
you may take the inside, and I will pol
ish the external."
So suiting the action to their decis
ions, each began her respective lab
ors.
"Did you ever see anything so tar
nished and defaced as these old brass
plates and handles? I shall never get
them clean," said Grace.
"You must try your best upon them
because you know what a marvelous
dream you had last night, and perhaps
they may be pure gold," said Mrs.
Stanley, with a jesting, significant sort
of smile.

Grace kept silent; in reality a new
thought struck her.
"Who knows," she said, mentally,
"but they are gold. I know it was a
great concern in its days, and must
have belonged to some rich person."
"There, Grace, I think that looks
bright enough to correspond with the
other part; indeed it looks better than
I expected you would get it. I would
not spend all my strength on one
handle."
Grace stood as mute as a statue
when she had finished one, seemingly
abstracted from everything around her.
"I shall not clean another one until
I go and ask Mr. Felton, the gold
smith, to come in and see what kind of
metal they are made of. I am serious
when I say I do not believe they are
made of brass," said Grace.
"Why, Grace, are you so superstiti
ous as to believe in dreams and im
pressions?"
"I can't help it, but I must know?"
Grace put on her bonnet and shawl
and went directly to Mr. Felton's, who
actually laughed in her face for giving
such an idea room in her mind.
"Nevertheless, I will soon go, and if
they should be gold, I shall charge
you \$5 for this walk," said Mr. Felton,
with an ironical smile.
When he entered the door, Mrs.
Stanley remarked that Grace's impress
ion was quite laughable.
"Well, I will soon convince her about
her golden handles," said the gold
smith. He never spoke until he was
satisfied concerning the metal.
"Miss Grace, I am happy to tell you
your most sanguine expectations are
realized. They are pure gold, I can as
sure you."
"Are you in earnest?" asked Mrs.
Stanley.
"It is the sober truth, and more, the
inlaid work is of the same metal. Now
is your time to laugh at impressi
ons," continued Mr. Felton, looking
at Miss Grace, who seemed all the
while in amazement. She really did
not believe her senses.
"The goldsmith left them; as soon
as he departed Mrs. Stanley said it
was not worth the while to clean the in
side because she should have the out
side torn to pieces to get the gold off.
"Mother, we will clean and examine
the inside, and see if some more treas
ures are not hid there."
She began at the left hand drawer
and drew that and the next and gave
a satisfactory examination, but naught
was discovered. She next attempted
to draw the little center one, but it re
fused to obey. She could not get it
out unless she broke it. This obsti
nacy on the part of the drawer only
more deeply aroused the already ex
cited desire to know wherefore this
puny thing should be so fast.
She placed her fingers more firmly
upon the knob in order to give a more
powerful pull, when, lo! to her un
bounded astonishment, the drawer
flew open like lightning and revealed
a roll of papers which she seized and
opened with the rapidity of insanity.
"Mother, take and see what it is; I
am dizzy from excitement."
"Lie down, dear child, and I will
see what all these strange things are."
Grace obeyed her mother and con
tinued pondering whether she was
dreaming or actually awake, and in
this world of realities. On opening
the package a roll of bills came in view,
which proved to be ten of one thou
sand dollars each on the Union bank,
and ten of one thousand dollars each
on the Massachusetts bank, making
in all twenty thousand dollars. The
paper which enclosed the money was
marked "Richard Smith."
"Now what shall we do?" exclaim
ed Grace to her mother.
"I don't know, but I will go and see
your father's old friend and attorney,
Mr. Livingston, and he will advise us
what is best to do. You stay here,
Grace, and I will put my bonnet and
shawl on, and go and see what can be
done in this matter. Tell no one
about it until I have seen Mr. Living
ston, and then it will be all right."
Mrs. Stanley prepared herself, and
went to see him, and found him in his
house, and stated the case to him—the
whole particulars from beginning
to end, not forgetting to state the own

er's name, whom Mr. Livingston well
knew. He told Mrs. Stanley of the
death of Richard Smith, and he not
leaving any heirs or will, he advised
her to take out the money and keep
it, at the same time he congratulated
her on her newly acquired wealth, and
offered his assistance to defend her
and give her all needful counsel in
this affair.
This sudden reversion of fortune
made them feel more thankful. Bless
ings seemed now to shower down
upon them in rich profusion. She
now had wealth and a son and daugh
ter; which was everything in this life
any one could desire—nothing more
she wanted.
In about six months after George
left Boston he returned to take back
Mrs. Stanley and Grace to the house
he had prepared for them. He had
taken a splendid home and furnished
it accordingly. A carriage and horses,
with a careful driver, was ever ready
to convey them where they wished to
go. Mrs. Stanley spent most of her
time in visiting the poor and needy;
the sick and sorrowful; she knew
how to sympathize with them.
"Freely I have received and freely
do I give," said Mrs. Stanley to a
poor woman to whom she had extend
ed charity, who was expressing her
gratitude for benefits received.
Grace always accompanied her moth
er in her charity calls. The forlorn
and sorrowful, the sick and needy,
knew them but to bless.
One day Mrs. Stanley and Grace
called on a very poor family, where
one of the children was sick. Soon
after they entered the physician came
in, and after inquiring concerning the
symptoms of the child's disease, he
turned to Mrs. Stanley and remarked:
"I never had the pleasure of an in
troduction to you, but I know you
well; you always accompany me where
ever I go. I give my whole time to
those who have nothing with which
to reward me for my services, and I
would not willingly attend upon the
wealthy sick. I have practiced about
eight years among those who must
and would have suffered exceedingly
for advice and medicines, had I not
proffered them aid and even sought
them out. I find it more blessed to
give than to receive. I doubt not you
find this true or you would not follow
the practice so constantly."
"It is even so," replied Mrs. Stanley.
"If I had no property I could not
do as I have done, but my father left
me a competency and I have no one
to provide for—but myself, so I chose
the luxury of benevolence instead of
lucre."
"I should be happy to have you
call on us, although we are strangers.
We seem to have made an acquaint
ance in a way that asks no ceremony,"
said Mrs. Stanley.
"Your name is Stanley, I believe?"
said the Doctor.
"That is my name; by what name
shall I address you?"
"Theodore Bushnell is my name,
madame."
"Did you ever live in Boston?" in
quired Grace.
"That is my native place. Are you
acquainted in Boston, Miss Stanley?"
"Yes," answered Grace; "was your
father Asahel Bushnell?"
"It was. Did you ever know him?"
"You call on us to-morrow and we
will tell you of a very singular occur
rence that took place some time since."
Doctor Bushnell did as he was de
sired and heard the relation which
we have given above, about the dream,
etc.
In a few days he called again, and
seemed so well pleased with the charm
ing Grace that in less than six months
Miss Grace Stanley was known as
Mrs. Doctor Bushnell, who with her
husband were considered among the
most whole-souled philanthropists in
the city.
—John Allison, Register of the
Treasury, died of apoplexy, March 23.
His remains were taken to Beaver, Pa.,
his former residence, where they were
interred. Mr. Allison was formerly a
Representative in Congress, and was
appointed Register in April 1859.
His age at his death was 66 years.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 31, 1878.

Our modern prophets soon find
that their "prophetic souls" are a "de
lusion and a snare." Their predic
tions concerning matters of "fee
nance," as Mr. Kelly says, and upon
various other matters, only hold the
word of promise, the ear to break it
to the hope. Yet such is life. When
the Silver bill was under discussion,
one of the arguments of its opponents
was that the silver dollar was not even
as good as the greenback. Secretary
Sherman—otherwise John Sherman—
said that a greenback dollar was worth
98 cents in gold, whereas 412½ grains
of silver would only command 92 or
93 cents. Taking him at his word,
the people of the country naturally
imagined that the passage of the bill
and consequent coinage of the dollars
would cause John to sell them or ex
change them at par, at least, as fast
as they were turned out of the mints.
Upon this basis, that the greenback
dollar was worth five cents more than
the silver dollar, it was supposed that
the Secretary could sell four millions
of silver every month for four millions
of greenbacks, at a net profit to the
Government of two hundred thousand
dollars. This would have increased
the revenues two millions four hun
dred thousand dollars per year, which
in these hard times is a right cheerful
addition to one's income. But John
didn't do it. Now that the silver dol
lar is coined and on the market, he
demands gold at par in exchange, or
101 cents in greenbacks. In his in
terview with the Senate Finance Com
mittee, on Wednesday, he said that
he had been mistaken—that he now
believed the silver legislation was a
good thing. The effect of it has cer
tainly been to reduce the premium on
gold and bring the yellow coin into
circulation. One Washington mer
chant took sixty dollars in gold over
his counters a day or two since in pay
ment for goods.
Congress is quiet and dull. The
Senate has recently been discussing
Pacific Railways, and the House is
devoting itself mostly to committee
work. For two weeks there has been
nothing lively or spicy, and nothing
specially important.
Dr. Mary Walker is always getting
into the papers, and her latest effort
at notoriety has proved about as suc
cessful as could be expected from one
already notorious. The newspapers
here made no end of fun about her
application to be appointed on the
police force. A reporter interviewed
her on the subject, and she unbesom
ed herself—that is to say, relieved
her mind quite freely. She says that
herself and her friend, Mrs. Pierson,
another pantaloon wearer, in other
words "dress-reformer," go about the
city a good deal together, and are an
noyed on all hands by the naughty
boys who follow them shouting, "There
goes Dr. Mary and her Dad," "Pull
down your vest," etc., and otherwise
making life a burden to them. She
thinks if she were made a policeman
it would be fun to go for these un
ruly boys and hook them up with
the crooked end of her cane. She
says:
"I want to be a peeler,
And gain the hydrant stand,
A star upon my bosom,
A club within my hand.
If urchins mock my clothing,
I need not cry "Police!"
But take them up for breeches,
For breeches of the peace."
In a former letter I mentioned the
engagement of Senator Don Cameron
to Miss Sherman, niece of Secretary
Sherman, and I have since noticed a
good deal of erroneous gossip on the
subject going the rounds. One writer
speaks of the "youthfulness and bash
fulness" of the "son of his father,"
while other glaring misstatements of
facts give a rather too romantic color
ing to the affair. Instead of being a
"bashful youth," Don is a widower,
fifty years of age, already possessing
a promising family of children. Miss
Sherman is a young lady just out of
her teens. She is not rich—Don Cam
eron is worth millions. This slightly
abbreviates the romance of the thing.
Did anybody ever hear of a rich young
girl marrying a poor old man with a
house full of children? The society

gossip says further, that, with the ex
ception of Miss Sherman's engage
ment, the session has not been pro
ductive of a single matrimonial alliance.
Of course no one knows what seed
may have been sown, nor what the
future may develop; but it seems
strange to Grundy for such a large
number of handsome young ladies to
have been thrown so constantly in the
society of eligible young men without
kindling the divine spark.
In the Supreme Court room Mrs.
Fasset is daily working on her paint
ing of the electoral commission, and
will remain there until the 25th in
stant, when the court convenes. The
picture gives evidence of great merit,
and this illustration in oil of a historic
event in the Presidential annals of the
country, by the preservation of the
likenesses in group of some of the
principal actors and a few leading
correspondents of the press, will be
valuable. This portrait will be a land
mark in the history of the nation that
will never be erased. It memorizes a
most remarkable crisis in our national
life, and will perpetuate both by rea
son of its intrinsic value as a chapter
of history and its extrinsic worth as an
art production, the incident it rep
resents, and the name of the artist
throughout all time. Yet there are a
great many people scattered about over
the country who never think of this
same electoral commission without re
flecting how easily the eight spot takes
the seven. Probably few will ever
look upon the picture in question
without occurrence of this thought.
Mr. A. C. Buell, the brilliant young
journalist, has just married a daugh
ter of doorkeeper Polk. Buell ac
quired national notoriety a few years
ago by his caustic criticisms upon
Zach. Chandler. The cruel accusa
tion that Zachariah sat down on a
baby in a street car, originated in the
Capital, to which A. C. B. is a con
tributor. The boys all extend their
congratulations to Buell, and a local
journal expresses the hope that Chan
dler may not be a visitor in his domes
tic circle—unless he sits down care
fully.
Siro.
The Iowa Deaf and Dumb Institution.
[From the Anamosa, Ia., Eureka, Mar. 21, 1877.]
We have the report of the visiting
committee to the Deaf and Dumb In
stitution at Councils Bluffs, the visit
being a month ago in the usual course.
The committee commend some things
and find fault with others, chiefly in the
matter of building on an imperfect
foundation and in financial manage
ment. We leave these last mentioned
to the legislature, but on matters edu
cational they (the committee) show
an ignorance that is as profound as it
is common. They seem to think teach
ers' salaries too high for six hours' daily
work and suggest frequent changes,
talking teachers from the public schools
and giving all a chance. As well trust
an idiot to run a railroad train or build
Solomon's temple. In the ordinary
colleges and common schools the teach
er sits in his chair and reads his writ
ten lecture or hears recitations, with
the book in his hand. To the observer
it looks as easy as rolling off a log and
apparently requires little mental effort.
With the teacher of deaf-mutes the
case is entirely different. His work is
that of the actor on the theatre boards,
both mental and physical, and is nec
essarily exhausting. It involves a con
stant dissecting and reconstructing of
language, translating words into the
many shades and phases of thought,
and the latter into the many forms of
expression in words. To carry a pupil
through requires years of steady, pa
tient labor. Five or six hours a day in
such work is as much as any good actor
can stand. And as to frequent changes
of teachers, giving those of colleges
and common schools an equal chance,
it might be well in some institutions
where teachers of deaf-mutes have mis
taken their calling, for there might be
a possibility of a change for the better.
But the committee do not realize the
fact that a new teacher requires at least
two years of school-room work to be
come tolerably proficient in the sign
language, and that it is so much time
more or less lost to his class. The
committee may judge wisely on or
dinary matters and things, but on educat
ing the deaf and dumb they are entire
ly at sea. They neither know nor un
derstand. It is out of their line.
VERNAL WARNINGS.
A zephyr from the southward
Through the open window blows,
With its prophecies of jessamine,
Of mimosa and rose;
But a voice from it is calling—
"Don't leave off your winter clothes."
Though the softness of the tropics
In the wings of March is set,
And the bluebirds and the pansies
Their appointed time forget;
Comes a warning with the blandness—
"Wear your winter flannels yet."
—New York Sun.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APR. 4, 1878.

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
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Editor.
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U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes
published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
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These prices are in advance. Remitt-
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All communications must be accompanied with
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All communications relative to the foreign de-
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Rev. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, U. S. Mint, Philadel-
phia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon
application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

DEFERRED.

Simultaneously, quite a large amount
of correspondence reached us for inser-
tion in this week's paper, but not having
space for all of it, we are obliged to
keep over a portion, which will appear
in next week's edition.

INTERESTING TO SOME OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A few queries and doubts among
some of our subscribers, whose sub-
scriptions expire at other times than
the first of April, suggest the follow-
ing remarks and explanations, if the
latter is still needed: It makes no dif-
ference what time of year subscriptions
began, or when they expire. Whoever
has subscribed, or will subscribe, for
our paper any time between the first
day of April, 1878, and the last day
of March, 1879, for one year, paying the
cash at the time of subscribing, and
continues to be a regular subscriber, no
matter whether a new or old subscrib-
er, will be entitled to all the benefits
and emoluments offered by our aux-
iliary plan, provided that we get the
required number of three hundred new
subscribers at any time between the
two dates named. The certificates will
not be forwarded until we get the
three hundred new names. If we fail
in getting that number of new names
we shall not send the certificates of
membership; if we get them we shall
forward them to all of our subscribers
on the first of April, 1879, or before
that time, perhaps, when we get the
number above stipulated. If, however,
the plan should prove a failure, it will
be abandoned at the end of the year
closing March 31, 1879. We shall keep
a correct list of both renewals and new
subscriptions, between April 1, 1878,
and March 31, 1879, in a book provided
for that special purpose.

Since the inauguration of our aux-
iliary plan we have received several
new subscriptions, and many remarks
have been offered us commendatory of
the "new departure." We would like
to have all our subscribers, and all
friends of our paper, induce as many
as possible of their acquaintances to
subscribe and be partakers of the ben-
efits which may accrue to them if we
procure the three hundred new names.
Presuming that these comments will
prove fully explanatory, and hoping
for good results, we trust our friends
will exert themselves in adding largely
to our circulation.

ONE OF THE ANNUAL CROP OF BEATS.

We call the following from the Syra-
cuse Courier: "There is a fellow in
town going about among the saloons
of the city vanishing furniture, who
plays the deaf and dumb dodge, and
in that way practices on the sympathies
of the soft hearted. He called yester-
day at Dan O'Keefe's United States
Hotel, where Daniel, in his kindness
of heart, gave him some work in his
line. The fellow hung around all the
afternoon and fell asleep, when he be-
gan talking in his sleep, thus giving
himself away. He was kicked out as
a beat, and in the evening turned up
at Morrissey's, corner of Clinton and
Fayette streets, where he appeared as
a deaf and dumb Italian fortune teller."

The above is quite a common ruse,
resorted to by a low class of hearing
persons who wish to practice upon the
credulity and sympathies of those who
are taken in by the dodge. It is a trick
which tends to lower our class in the
estimation of many respectable people,
except where the assimilated deaf and
dumb impostor is exposed and his true
character becomes known.

It is very true that there are deaf-
mutes who live the lives of tramps and
impostors, who are a burlesque on the

respectable portion of their class, but
they are repudiated by all honest peo-
ple, both deaf and dumb and hearing,
and all well-wishers of good society
will rejoice when a pretender and fraud
like the above-named has his true char-
acter revealed.

Some may wonder why a hearing
man should care to play deaf and dumb.
The reason is self-evident. The deaf
and dumb everywhere being regarded
as unfortunate and eliciting public sym-
pathy, some of the shrewd but thrift-
less among hearing people have adopt-
ed the role of the deaf and dumb, hop-
ing to reap in that way some pecuniary
advantages, in connection with people's
sympathies. We are imitative crea-
tures, often copying from each others'
examples, both bad and good. Some
deaf-mutes, of unenviable reputation,
seeking to profit from sympathy, hav-
ing chosen tramping and begging,
sometimes with temporary success,
their arts have been copied by hearing
persons of the same cloth, who are no
worse, save that they have added more
deception by claiming sympathy often
accorded to those of the tramping and
begging class who are really deaf and
dumb.

Every act of deaf-mutes, as well as
others, of which the copying of the
example by others leads to vice or fraud
should be universally scouted and de-
rid by all people of respectability.

CHURCH WORK AMONG DEAF- MUTES.

PAST AND FUTURE SERVICES.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held
at the following places and dates:
Chapel of Grace Church, Baltimore,
Sunday, April 7th, at 3 p. m., and Easter,
April 21st, at 3 p. m.; St. Mary's Church,
Brooklyn, Sunday, April 14th, at 3 p. m.;
St. Paul's Church, Boston, Sunday,
April 14th, at 3 p. m.; and St. Peter's
Church, Cambridgeport, Sunday, April
14th, at 7:30 p. m.

Rev. Dr. Pennell will preach to the
deaf-mutes at Woodside, N. J., on Sun-
day, April 14th, at 3:30 p. m., and on
April 28th at Trinity Church, Newark,
N. J., on Belleville avenue.

On the 24th ult., at 3 p. m., Rev.
Mr. Chamberlain conducted the month-
ly service for deaf-mutes in Christ
Church, Williamsburg. The next serv-
ice will be on the 28th of April, at 3
p. m.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conducted the
service at St. Ann's, N. Y., on the 24th
ult., at 2:45 p. m. He preached from
the Gospel for the third Sunday in
Lent, St. Luke xi:14-29, setting forth
the vital thought that if we would ef-
fectually resist the power of Satan, we
must be devout members of Christ's
mystical body, the Church.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to meet
the Troy Club on Saturday evening,
the 27th of April, to conduct the quar-
terly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's
Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 28th,
at 2:30 p. m., and to interpret at a con-
firmation in Christ Church, Ballston,
on Monday, the 29th, at 10 a. m. It is
hoped that several deaf-mutes will
avail themselves of this opportunity
for confirmation. If any desire bap-
tism, it could be administered at 9:30
a. m.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS FOR DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

Indianapolis, Ind.,	May 19th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 22d.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 26th.
Chicago, " (Dio'an Con'tion)	" 28th.
Battle Creek, Mich.,	" 29th.
Jackson, Mich.,	" 30th.
Pontiac, " "	" 31st.
Detroit, " "	June 2d.
Flint, " "	" 3d.
Detroit, " "	" 4th.
Detroit, " (Dio'an Con'tion)	" 5th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 9th.
Pittsburg, Pa., (Dio'an Con'tion)	" 12th.
Dayton, O.,	" 14th.
Cincinnati, " "	" 16th.
Louisville, Ky.,	" 23d.
Shelby, O.,	" 27th.
Cleveland, " "	" 30th.

Other appointments will be made
later.

NOTICE.

The post-office address of C. S. New-
ell, Treasurer of the O. E. S., is No.
12 East 42d St., New York City. Mr.
Newell is, also, Treasurer of the Build-
ing Fund of the Home for Aged and
Infirm Deaf-Mutes, to whom all letters
relating to the Home should be ad-
dressed.

PLANTS.

Send your address for our new
spring price list of plants. Our stock
is large and we are selling very low.
Address, Oswego Greenhouses, W. N.
Mattoon, Manager.

MILINERY.

Mrs. T. J. Temple has just received
from New York, a nice assortment
of Spring Hats, Bonnets and other
goods, which she will sell cheap. One
price to all buyers. Pressing done
cheap.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

A West Virginia Institution boy eats a turkey
at a meal.

The editor of the *Advance* ploughed his garden
March 8th.

What is the smallest bridge in the world? Who
can answer it?

Two deaf-mutes run a restaurant in Iowa, and
are said to make it pay.

A deaf-mute lady of Chicago recently gave a
"mush" party to her friends.

One hundred clms are beginning to grow in the
grounds of the Ohio Institution.

One of those cheery piano agents tried to sell
a piano at the Chicago Institution.

The college boys defeated the Illinois Institu-
tion boys at base ball, 13 to 9, recently.

The pupils of the Michigan Institution beat
the officers recently—at base ball.

Some of the Michigan Institution pupils made
a recent pleasant visit to a local fossil museum.

The Centennial Base Ball Club of the Ohio In-
stitution recently beat a Columbus picked nine,
23 to 7.

Pror. Hubbard, of Michigan, was remembered
by his pupils on his birthday, with a copy of Hey-
ant's poems.

The *Gazette* man perfumes his letters, "not
strictly in matters of business," with fresh violets
and hyacinths.

We would like to see the report of the reunion
of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, re-
cently published.

The request to the Ohio Institution of \$20,-
000, which has been in the courts, has been com-
promised for \$12,000.

The Burlington *Hawk Eye* exchanges with the
Goodson Gazette. It might go farther and not
find so good a tickler.

The *Mirror* has just taking extracts from the
Educator's contributions, "the majority of them
being in our library."

The *Gazette* says if it comes to pistols and cof-
fee between the *Mirror* and *Educator* it wants to
be there to see. So do we.

The Illinois Institution pupils, those who are
taught drawing, have finished two drawings of
Dr. Gillett and Gov. Cullom.

One hundred and fifty Ohio Institution pupils
attended an opera at the Institution for the
Blind, in Columbus, recently.

The *Manchester (Eng.)* Deaf and Dumb Soci-
ety has raised a fund of \$25,000 and wants \$5,-
000 more to finish its building.

Dr. Burton, for 30 years principal of the Liv-
erpool (Eng.) Institution, has resigned his posi-
tion. A Mr. Gibbs succeeds him.

A former pupil of the Illinois Institution keeps
a barber shop in Colorado, and has married a
daughter of the steward of the Colorado Institu-
tion.

A lecture on steel was recently delivered, by
an expert, to the pupils of the Ohio Institution.
Somebody ought to lecture the Ohio Legislature
on brass.

A deaf-mute, and a family man, too, by the
name of McLaughlin, was struck by a locomotive
at Anderson, Ind., and instantly killed,
March 11th.

Four deaf-mutes of the greatest tramp variety
recently turned up at the Ohio Institution, and
claimed Pennsylvania as their *alma mater*. They
moved on to Cincinnati.

RESOLUTIONS have been introduced into the
Ohio Legislature looking to inquiry as to the ac-
commodations. An extension to the present
buildings will probably be built.

Two fire escapes are being put in the Ohio In-
stitution buildings. The pupils of the Institu-
tion recently accepted an invitation to see the
pantomime of Humpty Dumpty.

An Irish paper announces the death of a poor
deaf man called Gaff. He had been run over by
a locomotive; and, adds the paper, "he received
a similar injury this time last year."

Minnie Housel, a pupil of the New York Institu-
tion has been very sick, is much better, but
still stays at home with her parents at Newark,
N. J. She will be back to school when she gets
well enough.

The man who assisted at the erection of the
celebrated cremation furnace of Dr. Le Moine,
at Washington, Pa., lectured to the pupils of the
Ohio Institution on the subject recently. Did he
get any converts?

The private secretary of the governor of Ohio,
has had his tongue amputated near the roots.
The operation was necessary on account of a can-
cer in the mouth, caused, it is said, by nicotine
poison.

The *Mirror* has got hold of a relic—a copy of
a little paper, *The Teacher's Miscellany*, pub-
lished at the Michigan Institution seventeen years
ago. Miss B. H. Ransom (Mrs. Carroll of Min-
nesota), was editress.

Dr. Lawrence was last winter appointed by the
mayor and common council of Newark, N. J., as
a veterinary surgeon of the fire department. He
is the father of a pupil at the Institution for the
Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, N. Y. city.

Mr. W. C. Herick, formerly clerk in the stew-
ard's office at the New York Institution, but now
a traveling agent for a New York stationery man-
ufacturer, made us a call at our *sanctum* last Sat-
urday. He looked well and seemed to rejoice in
good spirits.

A deaf and dumb boy, whose name was ascer-
tained to be Jacob Campbell, of Greene county,
N. Y., was taken to police headquarters in New-
ark, N. J., March 21st, having been found wander-
ing about the streets. He was taken charge of
by the overseer of the poor.

Three weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, of
New York, stopped at Rossville, N. J., where
they made Mr. Rodman a visit and spent two
days with the family while they were on their
way to Paterson, N. J. They enjoyed it very
much.

In as madness there may be method, so in the
making of those thunders called deaf-mutes
there may be circumstances that soften the ab-
surdity that otherwise would exist. The pupil
who wrote *mistake* for *mistake* could plead that
he spelt according to the literal rendering of the
sign for mistake; and the teacher who was about
to thrash a boy for writing "Institution Deaf
Mother," on second thought, considering that the
alma mater in question had good claims to deaf-
ness, concluded to spare the rod.

When the express train from Philadelphia to
the Baltimore and Ohio railroad arrived yester-
day, a small white boy was discovered stowed
away under a seat in one of the cars. He was
found to be deaf and dumb and devoid of the
sense of feeling and smell. He was taken to po-
lice headquarters, where experiments of various
kinds were tried to test his senses of feeling,
smell and hearing, but he proved to be totally in-
capable of either. He will be given transpor-
tation to Richmond, where it has been ascer-
tained he has friends residing.—*Washington Post*,
March 13.

Local Paragraphs.

Chetty Griffith has the scarlet fe-
ver.

Mrs. C. D. Snell is having her house
painted.

Ceryl Snow has, for the present, quit
house-keeping.

Alfred Hollister has moved into the
Benedict house.

S. B. Webb, of Colosse, is going
back to Nebraska.

Susie Hartson had a very nice little
party last Saturday evening.

Oliver Whitney has lately built a
new fence in front of his house.

Wellington Barker has moved into
the Skinner house on Main street.

Mrs. M. T. Sayles, who has long been
sick, is said to be more comfortable.

Cheese-making at Union Factory, in
this village, began last Monday morn-
ing.

The Half-Dime Society meets this
(Wednesday) evening at the M. E. Par-
sonage.

M. M. Lucas has removed his watch
and clock repairing to J. C. Taylor's
drug store.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E.
Society meets this week (Wednesday)
at the house of Dr. C. E. Heaton.

Mrs. L. H. Conklin, who has been
unwell for some time, is able to ride
out occasionally.

Mrs. E. L. Huntington has been
worse for the past few days, but is now
more comfortable.

We learn that work on the cheese
factory, near Mr. Anson Gustin's, is
progressing rapidly.

Clark Plumley, who was sick for a
few days, is better and back at his work in
the *Independent* office.

The roads, which were drying off
fast, were well stocked with mud by
the recent snow storm and rains.

The Woman's Temperance Union of
this village will meet this week Sat-
urday at the Presbyterian Church, at
3 p. m.

Our townsman, John Burrows, U.
S. Navy, has been ordered to the
Alaska for a three years' cruise in the
Pacific.

All the schools in this village (four
besides the academy) began their
spring terms last week, with a good
attendance.

Revs. W. F. Hemenway and A. L.
York go to Rome early next week to
attend conference, which will open on
the 10th inst.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary
Society of the M. E. Church will hold
annual exercises at the church
next Sunday evening.

We hear that William Cooper, of
Wayne county and formerly of this vil-
lage, is going to open up business in
the store lately occupied by C. T. Croft.

The last quarterly meeting and love
feast of the M. E. Church of this vil-
lage, for this conference year, will be
held next Saturday and Sunday.

Ranslo Alfred has moved back into
his own house, and moved his stock of
watches, clocks, jewelry and silver ware
into one part of Goit & Castle's grocery
store.

An oyster supper was given at the res-
idence of Mr. David Wiggins in New
Haven, last Tuesday evening, for the
benefit of Rev. Mr. Wilson, of North
Scriba.

The New York *Tribune* says the
Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg
Railroad Company will default on cou-
pons due April 1st on \$4,200,000 con-
solidated bonds.

Our friend William Knight, known
for his tricks, has been up to another.
He has made Mrs. Alfred Hollister, of
this village, a present of a good cow,
with which she is very well pleased.

The Mission Band connected with the
Presbyterian church in this village
will give a Half Dime Social at the
residence of J. M. Hood, this (Wed-
nesday) evening. All are cordially in-
vited.

We hear that John Fort, of this vil-
lage, has bought the Stone hotel of
Mortimer May at New Haven, and will
take possession April 15th. We wish
Mr. Fort much success in the hotel busi-
ness.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Webb, formerly of
this village, have moved back here from
Hastings, and are living in the house
with Keuben Green's family. Their
many friends welcome them back to
this village.

A maple sugar party was held at the
residence of Mrs. R. Butler, at Butter-
fly, last Friday evening. A large num-
ber of invited guests from this village
went over, and a nice time was enjoy-
ed by all who were present.

Rev. Dr. Cross, Rector of Grace
(Episcopal) Church in this village, de-
livered one of his highly interesting
and instructive lectures at the Baptist
Church, in this village, last Monday
evening, subject, "Naples and her
neighbors."

It was Oratio Daniels, instead of
Orville Whitney, who was one of the
musicians at the Universalist Church
maple sugar festival and sociable that
was recently held at Empire Hall.
We were not present, and depended
upon others for information.

Silas Styles and J. K. Parker have
moved into different parts of the house
lately occupied by Ceryl Snow and Al-
fred Hollister, part of which is also oc-
cupied by William Sainsbury, who has
leased the house for this year, and re-
leases to the above-named parties.

The new board of trustees of this
village have appointed A. F. Kellogg,
clerk; S. R. Spooner, street commis-
sioner; Dr. G. P. Johnson, health of-
ficer; Nelson Ames, assessor; Wel-
lington Barker, George A. Penfield and
Joseph Simons, police constables.

Mrs. Thomas Webb, of this town,
whose health has been in a very pre-
carious condition for a year or more
past, died March 26th. Her funeral
was held on the 28th, at the Colosse
(Baptist) Church, of which she was a
very devoted and consistent member,
the sermon being preached by the pas-
tor, Rev. Mr. Sherwood. Notwith-
standing the muddy roads the house
was filled with mourning relatives and
sympathizing friends. The text was
from Numbers, 23: 10—"Let me die
the death of the righteous, and let my
last end be like his." The remains
were interred in Primitive Cemetery,
east of this village. A kind wife, fond
mother, true friend and worthy Chris-
tian has gone to a brighter and happi-
er Land. Mrs. Webb was the first
child born in the town of New Haven,
Oswego county, N. Y., was married at
17, and she and her husband had trav-
eled life's journey together for more
than fifty-six years.

A CHANCE FOR GOOD BARGAINS.

P. Rosenbloom, one of the firm of
S. L. & P. Rosenbloom, is now in New
York buying a large stock of Spring
and Summer Clothing, Boots, Shoes,
Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing
Goods, Trunks, Satchels, &c., &c., and
every clothing buyer will secure great
bargains when he returns. Remem-
ber the place, S. L. & P. Rosenbloom's,
Mexico, N. Y.

APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES OF SILVER.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples
of gold in pictures of silver." When
the body becomes diseased, the mind
is thereby necessarily influenced. Na-
tional wars, State dissensions, neigh-
borhood broils, and family differences,
are more frequently than otherwise the
result of diseased and disordered con-
stitutions. When the body is suffer-
ing, the mind, acting in sympathy, will
become irritated and perplexed. When
the physical system is in health, the
mind perceives things in their true
light, and the disposition assumes a
very different phase. Nothing more
directly tends to destroy the happy,
cheerful disposition of a woman, and
render her peevish, nervous, and fret-
ful, than a constant endurance of uter-
ine disorders. The diseases peculiar
to woman take away the elasticity and
buoyancy of health and reduce her
body and mind to a mere wreck. Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a *real*
peacemaker in a family. No woman
suffering from uterine disorders can
afford to be without this remedy. The
Favorite Prescription saves unneces-
sary doctor bills, prevents divorces,
wards off suicides, brings back buoy-
ant, joyous feelings, restores the wo-
man to health, and her family to hap-
piness. It is sold by all druggists.

OBITUARY.

On the 18th of March, after a brief
but painful illness of one week, at her
residence in the town of New Haven,
Oswego Co., N. Y., Frances, only
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Avery Grif-
fin, of Mexico, and wife of Mr. Elbridge
W. Jones died, aged thirty-two years.
Deceased was born in the town of Rich-
land, was married at the age of twenty-
two, became the mother of three in-
teresting boys, two of whom still sur-
vive to lament more keenly in mature
years their irreparable loss. Being
rational only at intervals, it is impos-
sible to know the extent of her suffer-
ings. The prompt attention of physi-
cians, and the affectionate efforts of
friends and neighbors proved unavail-
ing. The sympathy of the entire com-
munity in connection with the bereave-
ment and obsequies called forth the
expression of the deepest gratitude
from the deeply afflicted husband.
Quite a number of friends, besides the
father and mother-in-law of the de-
ceased, witnessed the extinguishment
of the vital spark. By request of friends
Rev. W. C. Johnson made a brief ad-
dress, and offered prayer as we all stood
in the presence of death.

The funeral service was one of marked
interest. Gathering at the residence,
remarks and prayer were offered by
the aforementioned W. C. Johnson,
and a large number of the neighbors
accompanied the remains to the home
of the parents of the deceased, in Mex-
ico, where a discourse was delivered
by Rev. J. H. McGahan, Pastor of the
Baptist Church in this village, from
John 7: 46—"Never man spake like
this man." Thus we followed to an
early grave the young mother, the
faithful wife, the beloved daughter and
the earnest friend.

Com.

DIED:

ACHESON—In Randolph, Mass., March 30,
1878, Charles Acheson, aged 23 years.

A NEW ERA FOR DEAF-MUTES.

DISCOVERIES OF THE 19TH CENTURY IN AID
OF THE DEAF AND DUMB—DR. GALLAU-
DET'S GOOD WORK—DEAF-MUTES AS OR-
ATORS AND DEBATORS—WONDERFUL RE-
SULTS WITH THE SIGN-LANGUAGE.

[From the New York Star, March 17, 1878.]

A *Star* reporter, in his rambles
through the city, visited the rooms of
a literary association composed of deaf
and dumb citizens, on the occasion of
the annual election of officers. It was
a singular spectacle, to witness the
manner in which the election was man-
aged, not a word being spoken, and the
proceedings being conducted by the
aid of the sign-language. This will
appear the more astonishing when we
reflect that previous to this en-
lightened nineteenth century the deaf-
mute was debased from all associa-
tion with his fellows. He was con-
signed to a moral and intellectual
darkness, and was considered a bur-
den to himself and his relatives. Such
wise men of old as Aristotle and St.
Augustine declared that the deaf were
wholly incapable of intellectual in-
struction, and this "dictum" was ac-
cepted as final until the present cen-
tury, when such men as Heinicke, De
l'Epée, Braidwood and Gallaudet pro-
ved to the world, by their labors, that
it is possible to elevate the condition
of the "mute." A great many associa-
tions have been started among this
unfortunate class, both literary and
social, during the past few years,
and the deaf and dumb have proved
their mental equality with their more
favored fellow-citizens by frequent
contributions to the literature of the
day. In this city and Brooklyn we
have a great many mutes, who follow
different occupations, and are uniform-
ly successful. Their number is esti-
mated by the thousand,

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

BLAGARD'S DUMBNESS.

A REPORTER FOR THE SUN ARRIVING AT A VERY UNCHARITABLE CONCLUSION.

Two months or more ago a man applied for board in the Rising Sun Lodging House in East Thirty-fourth street. He wrote on a slip of paper the name of H. J. Blagard, and said that he was dumb. When he bought tobacco in a cigar shop near by he carried on the conversation with paper and pencil. On the last night of the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Booth's he reached home evidently the happier for drink. To the landlord's astonishment he suddenly spoke to him. When the landlord began to wonder, Blagard said that while he was laughing very heartily at *Topsy* something broke in his throat, and he felt a conviction that he could speak if he tried. He turned to his companion and said, "That's splendid, isn't it?" He was so overjoyed that he stood up in the theatre and hurrahed. Then he went out and took a drink to celebrate his recovery of speech, for he had not always been dumb, he went on to explain. He lost his power of speech six months ago through fright, and a physician told him that it would return to him through the exertion of a kindred emotion.

Blagard had said that he was a florist, and that he was employed at 869 Broadway. A reporter for the *Sun* visited the flower store, and was told that Blagard was only an itinerant vendor who sometimes bought flowers there. "I have known him seven years," said a clerk, "and he has always spoken as well as I can." In Wilson's greenhouse, in Fourteenth street, where Blagard was employed six weeks ago, the reporter was told that at that time Blagard spoke without difficulty. The story of his dumbness was received with laughter.

Diligent search failed to find the dumb man who can speak. The uncharitable supposition is indulged in that Blagard counterfeited dumbness to excite compassion and sell more flowers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I thought that, since your regular correspondent is so tardy, a few items from our old place would be of interest to you and the readers of the JOURNAL.

We often have very exciting debates in our literary association, but none more so than that which took place on Saturday evening, March 9th. Then the debate was of more than usual interest to my sex because it so nearly concerned them. It was, "Which enjoy life the most, boys or girls?"

The young orators, most of whom were upon the platform for the first time, made some very funny points, which were very well appreciated by their juvenile audience. It seemed, however, that the girls' side of the question would be defeated, for there were many more boys than girls there. But many of the boys gallantly yielded the point, and the vote stood 85 to 61 in favor of the girls.

On the 5th of March the much talked of pantomime came off. It was very well attended and was the best thing of the kind we have had for several years. Much credit is due to Mr. W. G. Jones and his able assistants, Messrs. Reeves and Currier. The following is the programme:

BIANCO, OR THE ENCHANTED SWORD.

In one of the noted towns of Spain lived a wealthy and unprincipled man, Don Albino, whose chief aim in life was the pursuit of pleasure. His servant, Bianco, was a most valuable and willing assistant in all the endeavors made by Don Albino. For a time the successes that crown their united efforts are worthy of a better cause. At length Destiny decrees that the Prince of Evil shall come and claim for his own both Don Albino and Bianco.

SCENE I.

OPENS IN A BALL ROOM.

A gay company are assembled, and every one seems happy. Don Albino, accompanied by his servant, joins in the festivities. The Don, by declarations of love to several of the ladies present, causes a sudden cessation of the dance. Several challenges are given, all of which are accepted by Don Albino, who is a successful duelist, and he orders Bianco to add them to an already long list of similar appointments. The ball is broken up, but Don Albino and two companions remain in order to complete arrangements for the several conflicts. An over-indulgence in punch causes them to fall asleep. While they are wrapped

in troubled slumber the Spirit of Night enters and foretells the destruction of the wicked Don. Two statues are transformed into living avengers, and the Spirit of Night departs.

SCENE II.

ARDOR SCENE.

Don Albino and servant enter, and while reflecting upon what may be the meaning of their dreams, are suddenly confronted by the transformed statues, Spirit of Stella and the Unknown. Recovering from their great surprise they attempt to detain them, but are unable to do so. They follow the phantoms, but are not able to overtake them. The Unknown at length comes forth and is challenged by Don Albino. A combat ensues, in which the Unknown is seemingly killed. Bianco is ordered to bury him, but is unsuccessful. Don Esparadosa and his daughter, Hortensia, enter and are followed by Don Alphonso, who has been wounded in his duel with Albino. He asks for the hand of Hortensia. Don Esparadosa is pleased, but not so his daughter. Their conversation is interrupted by the appearance of Esparadosa's gardener, Brocoli, who is intoxicated. He is ordered to admit no one to the garden. Albino and Bianco enter, and Bianco, by his master's order, attempts to lead the gardener away, so that he may communicate with Hortensia. Don Albino is foiled, great confusion ensues, and in the conflict that follows Don Esparadosa is killed. The Spirit of Stella reappears, and Albino endeavors to overtake her. His daughter's grief overwhelms her, and Don Alphonso threatens Don Albino.

SCENE III.

CEMETERY BY MOONLIGHT.

In the centre is a statue of Don Esparadosa. The Spirit of Night meets the Unknown and the Spirit of Stella, who recount their failure, thus far, to turn Albino from his wickedness. At the approach of Don Albino and Bianco the Spirits retire. Great fear seizes upon Bianco at the sight of the tombs of his master's victims, and he begs to leave the place, but is prevented. Bianco imagines the statues are living, and Don Albino, thinking his servant crazy, orders him to bid them come to a banquet. After great hesitation he at length asks them, and is terrified at their ready acceptance of the invitation. As Bianco turns to leave, the ghost of the murdered gardener meets him and tells him he is coming to the feast. Bianco in vain seeks to evade him, but is caught and released by order of the Spirit of Night, who suddenly appears and permits Don Albino and Bianco to depart.

SCENE IV.

A BANQUET HALL.

Don Albino and Bianco await the coming of their ghostly guests. Impatient at their delay, they at length decide to wait no longer. The Spirit of Stella, with the Enchanted Sword, causes various transformations, to the amazement of Don Albino and Bianco. At the first stroke of midnight the Spirit of Stella vanishes, and both Don Albino and Bianco tremble with fear. A loud knocking is heard at the door; Don Albino bids Bianco open. He hesitates, but at last does so, and is terrified at the sight and runs away. Don Albino boldly advances, but he is also struck with terror. The ghostly guests enter, and Don Albino, recovering his courage, urges them to partake of a feast which he will cause to be prepared. They inform him that other business has brought them to him, and that his doom is sealed. He begs for mercy, but the Spirit of Evil bears off to Hades both himself and Bianco.

SCENE V.

GRAND TABLEAU OF HAPPINESS AND GLORY.

Of late several of the most prominent members of our community have been visited by beives of strong and healthy looking boils. It is strange, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that none but the greatest of us were thus honored, and it is sad to say, though none the less true, that human nature is so depraved, some of the lesser afflicted among us took pleasure in seeing their preferred brethren, go around with their stiff necks swathed in red bandannas. Such is the penalty of greatness. The printer boys are rejoicing over the prospect of having a steam-engine put in their office to run the big cylinder press. This puts me in mind that our annual report has just been finished, and distributed amongst the boys and girls. It is perfectly lovely, and all the more appreciated for coming out so early.

The little war of words between our *Educator* and the *Mirror* was very interesting. The latest was from the *Mirror*, and its man insists that he is not the ass.

The High Class boys have repaired

and repainted the boat Evangelina, and, tempted by the mild weather, they launched her on the 23d of March. The next day it blew almost a hurricane, and on Monday morning there was ice on the water; so they had to take her in again, till the weather is more to be relied on.

The Fanwood Amateur Athletic Club is hard at work on its track, and hopes to be done within a month.

This track is to be a quarter of a mile around, and will be in the form of an ellipse. When it is done it will be one of the best in this city. At an athletic tournament, held in this city, recently, some of the members of this club competed, and not unsuccessfully, for Charles S. Doane won the half-mile run and a gold medal, and Michael McFaul the seventy-five yard dash and, also, a gold medal. It is refreshing to note that chivalrous sentiment has not yet died out, as is shown by the fact that these young victors gave their well-won laurels to the fair objects of their admiration, to wear for them. King Arthur's Knights could not have done better.

The Angel of Death has been among us lately, and took from us a dear little boy named John G. Koster. He had never been very strong and his death was, therefore, not unexpected. The funeral services were conducted in our chapel, Saturday morning, March 23d. The Rev. E. W. Donald, the pastor of the neighboring Episcopal church, officiated. He made some very touching remarks about the little flower just withered. The body was buried in the Trinity Church Cemetery.

Elie J. Brearley, who has for some time been sojourning with her folks at home, returned to school lately. Everybody was glad to have her back again, and think her looks have improved wonderfully since we saw her last.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of a visit from our old supervisor, Miss Kate Blauvelt. It was a great treat to see her genial face once more, and listen to her lively conversation. She did not stay half as long as we wished, but she must make up for the shortness of this visit next time.

Dr. Peet's little daughter, Lizzie, has of late been seriously ill from pneumonia. At one time her life was almost despaired of, but the care by an excellent physician, Dr. Rodenstein, and of her family, at last succeeded in breaking up the disease, and now she is slowly recovering. Her little form and loving ways are well known to all in the institution, and when the disease was at its height we felt almost as bad for her as if she were a little sister.

Saturday evening, the 23d of March, the boys and girls were entertained by the inimitable W. G. Jones, who in his vivid and amusing style told them the story of the "Old Curiosity Shop."

The girls have lately been talking of forming a club on the same principle as that formed by girls in another institution, for the purpose of drawing the boys away from their tobacco and drink. It does not seem likely though that it will be organized, or that it would be a success, for the girls do not have as much influence over the boys here as they appear to have in the western institutions.

The Ladies' committee is here on a visit to-day.

LULLY.

Fanwood, March 28, 1878.

How the 20th of March was Spent at the Indiana Institution.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 23, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It affords me pleasure to pen you some events that have occurred here this month.

A society formed by the pupils, by the permission of our kind-hearted superintendent, to whom we are very much thankful with all our hearts for his great kindness, was organized here some time last October. It contains forty-three scholars from the high grades and has been, and is, improving very rapidly. It immediately received the name of the Royal Literary Society, but a short time ago its name was changed to the Clerc Literary Society, a name derived from Mr. Laurent Clerc; of whose history your readers are well informed. The names of the officers are: R. Girard, President; Miss B. Lowe, Vice-President; A. Jutt, Secretary; Miss E. Macy, Assistant Secretary. The names of the officers of the Quorum are: Misses M. Chandler, H. Adams, M. King, Mr. F. Hannah, W. Blount, J. Dare, F. Morrow and C. Kearney.

At an assembly some time previously, we, the members of the society, determined to prepare an exhibition according to the superintendent's desire, and four very good essayists were appointed for the occasion.

A splendid exhibition was given in the chapel under the auspices of Miss Julia Taylor and Miss Naomi Hiatt.

A great many of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen of this city were present, the chapel being crowded with about 400 spectators. The performance commenced at 7:30 p. m., and broke up at 9:15, and when it was over, the visitors declared that they had been enjoying themselves at our exhibition, which they said was splendid.

The following is the list of the members of the society who took part in the amusement:

1. Essay—The Life of the Soldier, R. Girard.
2. Dialogue—City and Country, Jennie Flash, Miss M. Hannah, Mary Jones, Miss D. Block, Mr. Flash, C. Joheeler, Mr. Jones, O. Osborn, Mrs. Flash, Miss K. Day, Mrs. Jones, Miss M. Carson.
3. Recitation—Going out and coming in, Miss N. Thompson.
4. Recitation—Hypochondria, E. Michael.
5. Tableau—Yankee Cupidship, Lover, (dressed as a Yankee gentleman) J. Dare, Lady, (dressed as a lady) B. Lowe, Grand-mother, Miss L. Kirkman.
6. Recitation—Leap for Life, C. Steinwenter.
7. Recitation—America's Birthday, Industry, Miss M. Chandler, Agriculture, Miss F. Adams, Electricity, Miss C. Dinsmore, Science, Miss M. King, Wealth, Miss S. Jaek, Literature, Miss F. Hannah, Commerce, Miss B. Mayer, Integrity, Miss E. Dice, America, M. Gillespie.
8. Recitation, C. Kearney.
9. Dialogue—Discontented Girl, Misses I. Jaek and N. Nimsqern.
10. Dialogue—"Kickme," W. Blount, H. Drake and T. Michael.
11. Essay—Wealth, Rank and Position, Miss B. Lowe.
12. Play—Mischief in School, Teacher, W. Blount.

- School Boys, { A. Berg, E. Binkley, C. Dantzer, J. Johannes. }
Wrestling, { O. Osborn, S. Heilbronner. }
Watch-Boy, C. Steinwenter.
Dunce Cap, J. Pottmyer.

13. Essay—Societies, Miss E. Macy.
14. Recitation—Who would be a boy again? J. Dare.
15. Essay—Education, A. Jutt.
16. Dialogue—Uncle Sam.

- New Fashion, C. Cole,
Old Fashion, J. Patten,
Uncle Sam, J. E. Brown.

17. Tableau—Goddess of Liberty, Miss E. Macy.

Three weeks ago a great multitude of ladies and gentlemen, which included several of the clergymen, doctors, and educators of this city met at the institution, in response to the invitation of Mr. T. MacIntire, to hear an address from Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the National Deaf-Mute College. It had been announced that Governor Williams would also be in attendance, but he failed to be present, not having returned from his home in Knox County where he has been engaged in agricultural pursuits. State officials were represented by Treasurer Shaw; Deputy Secretary of State, Peelle; Clerk of Supreme Court, Schmeck; and Superintendent of Public Instruction, Smart. Dr. Philip Gillett, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, with whom Messrs. Gallaudet and MacIntire went to Jacksonville, Ill., that evening, were present. Mr. Gallaudet's lecture was exceedingly interesting and pleasing.

I am going to give you an account of sadness and calamity, which occurred at this institution this month. F. Morrow resigned his position as cabinet-maker, and was engaged in the turning shop, where the tip of the middle finger of his left hand was suddenly cut off and his ring-finger tip sorely injured. He thinks of going home in Jeffersonville, Ind., this week.

J. Legan's leg was broken by a tree falling upon it last Thursday.

The ankle of Lynn's foot was instantly swollen by a stone thrown by Sauk, a short time ago.

Hull's arm was dislocated by jumping from the swings of the gymnastics last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Corwin, who last June resigned their positions as teachers here, visited us last Wednesday. They left here for Greencastle, Ind., where his mother lives and they will stay there for a short time before they move to Indianapolis where, he will engage in business.

CHARLES KEENEY.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."

JOHN WEEKS.

Butler, N. Y.

Report of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society from Jan. 7, 1877, to Feb. 24, 1878.

In making a report of the doings of this society for the first year of its existence, I am desirous of placing the honor of the first starting of it where it belongs. The mutes of this city had, from causes not necessary to refer to here, been without religious instruction for about nine months previous to the organization of this society.

On the 14th day of October, 1876, the officers of the old united society of deaf-mutes were requested by William Lynde to meet at his house, to ascertain if something could be done to harmonize the feelings of different parties, which would eventually result in more unity of feeling, and a disposition to meet together for worship under some form which would give them more confidence in their leaders than they had hitherto enjoyed. It was unanimously agreed to ask a certain gentleman of this city to use the funds remaining in his hands, belonging to the united society, for the benefit of the mutes of Boston and vicinity, by supplying them with religious instruction and lectures, he to appoint a committee to attend to the different matters connected with the society, and he to have the entire control of all financial matters. A letter was accordingly addressed to him the same evening, signed by all present. After a delay of several days his reply was received, quite a correspondence then took place, and his formal reply was, he saw no reason why it should not be so used. Much time was lost in looking for a suitable room, during which, some parties getting discouraged, another meeting of about twenty-two mutes was held, to ascertain if a different course could not be pursued. That gentleman, hearing there was still some dissatisfaction among the mutes, and that they were not yet united upon a course to be pursued, dropped all further proceedings in that direction. Shortly afterwards a request was sent by other parties to another gentleman who has taken quite an interest in our welfare. He replied that he would do so, whenever he could be free from interference by all outside parties. Another search for a suitable room was begun, and on Jan. 7th, 1877, this society opened services in the John A. Andrews Hall, Job Turner officiating. Much opposition was met with, another society then occupying Templar Hall, but your committee continued to exert themselves to promote peace and harmony, and your members began steadily to increase. Many very interesting services were held, as those who officiated from time to time can testify.

In May we were notified to look for another hall, ours being offered for sale. June 10th, 1877, we moved to our present locality which was the best we could find, all things considered. Mr. Sturgis advising strict economy and saying: "You well know that the four trustees rely upon Mr. Tillinghast and Mr. Holmes for the proper and economical appropriation of the funds. You know that the closer you husband them the longer they will last. The trustees hold themselves ready, as before, to take hold when they are not quarreled with, and can procure a proper agent; and, as they are now free from their former annoyances, I hope you will start anew, successfully."

Since we commenced, in January, the following gentlemen have dispensed to us the Bread of Life, in the preaching of the gospel of Christ in an acceptable manner: John O. David, 11 times; J. P. Marsh, 9; Job Turner, 7; Samuel Rowe, 6; R. H. Atwood, 5; Geo. B. Keniston, 4; Wm. Bailey, 4; Wm. H. Weeks, 3; P. W. Packard, 3; D. E. Bartlett, 2 (his first appearance drew the largest attendance of the season, 85); Wm. Lynde, 2; Job Williams, 1; Geo. A. Holmes, 1. There has been an average attendance of 40. We have endeavored to obtain other parties, from a distance, which we hope we shall succeed in doing the coming summer.

Our weekly lectures have also been well attended. We have had from R. H. Atwood, 6; Geo. A. Newhall, 6; P. W. Packard, 6; E. J. Welch, 3; Mrs. Wm. Lynde, 3; Samuel Rowe, 3; Job Turner, 3; Wm. Bailey, 2; J. P. Marsh, 2; Mrs. R. H. Atwood, 1; Wm. H. Krause, 1; R. D. Livingstone, 2; and one magic lantern exhibition, for which we are much indebted to Brother W. H. Krause. It was much enjoyed, and he has the thanks of the committee for his efforts.

My friends, I think it was without doubt a desire on the part of those gentlemen who first met to consult, to do all the good they could and benefit all that chose to attend their meetings; but how far we have succeeded will not be known until that great day

es to discourse to us Christian doctrine, and instruct us in the duties of Christian life, irrespective of a sectarian form of worship, to give us Bible truths without reference to any particular plan, we will receive and listen to with pleasure. In this belief we are supported by many others. We also think no discussions in regard to any particular sect should be had from our desk on Sundays. Some of our best mute instructors, in different States, have given as their opinion that they have found it favorable to the promotion of liberal Christian feeling to have Christian denominations united in worshipping together; and it is also the opinion of many that the deaf-mutes should not be gathered into any particular church. Within a short time past I have been spoken to in regard to a building for your particular use, and should the present united feeling continue, steps may be taken in that direction. Encouraged by the past, let us in the future try to banish all envy, malice, hate, and to bring in good will and peace, and a purer, better day. Let truth and honor lead our ways.

"when the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped and the tongue of the dumb sing." Man cannot be the judge of the heart. Many impressive remarks have been made from time to time by different parties who have met with us, and the committee think they see enough to satisfy them that their labors have not been wholly lost, and they hope they have been, to some extent, the humble instruments of calling into action a purpose to live a higher and better life. We notice with pleasure a steady increase in the number attending our services, which is encouraging to us as well as to the trustees, one of whom, in writing to Mr. Tillinghast, said: "I am glad the Sunday services and Wednesday evening lectures succeed so well. If any improper or disorderly persons come to the hall a small fee may be necessary to remove them."

This shows a disposition on his part to help us all he can. Still much faith and patience are needed on the part of all, and a conscientious devotion to our religious duties. In meeting here for worship let us:

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truths at all times firmly stand,
And shall from age to age endure.

Our Bible-class seems to have become an indispensable part of our services. It is well attended, and is conducted by Mrs. Wm. Lynde. This is another source of satisfaction to the trustees and committee, and, we think, deserves some further consideration from you, which we notice it has received in a recent contribution.

Some of you may wish to know why Brother Lynde has not been asked to officiate or lecture before you since we commenced services in this hall. I have repeatedly urged him to do so, but, for reasons best known to himself, he wishes to be excused. He, however, takes a lively interest in your welfare, and is doing all he can to promote peace and good will towards all. Brother Holmes is also much occupied in attending to his part of the business; receives all the money from Mr. Sturgis, pays all the bills, and I am sorry to say his business is much interfered with by many callers, whose business is of an important nature.

Since you commenced, in January, you have witnessed the closing of two other societies; one in Nassau Hall, and the other a reading-room. We are told, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and we have seen the truth of it. Any further discussion of this point is unnecessary.

In evil doing let us become as babes, but in wisdom and understanding let us try to become men and women, exerting ourselves to lead others to improve the advantages offered them. "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Now, my friends, you have seen the working of this society for a little over one year. Has it been satisfactory? Shall it be continued? Has it been of any benefit to the mutes? Has it accomplished, in part, the object for which it was intended? Will the mutes be benefited by its continuance another year? These are questions to which I would like to call your attention and serious consideration. Will the intelligent, respectable, order-loving deaf-mutes of Boston sustain, by their presence and correct deportment, the reputation which their society is now beginning to receive?

Strong efforts have been made by other parties to make this society a sectarian one, and the committee have been sorely tried to know how to act. They have consulted with many friends, clergymen, and others, as to the best course to pursue. As the means so generously contributed for your support have been received from parties of different denominations, I see no reason why we should become partisans, and have therefore strongly resisted any attempts in that direction, believing that united you can stand, divided you must fall, and that you will soon weary of any particular doctrine, steadily "preached to you by any one person. Can we not profit by a remembrance of the past, my friends? Ought we not to? In pursuing this course your committee have been strongly supported by several well-known gentlemen who are interested in your welfare, not only in New England, but in New York, and words of encouragement, and the hope that you will continue to be united and prosperous have come to me from Chicago, Indiana, Ohio and Maine. Our leading principle and object has been the union of different denominations in worship, without regard to sect, which has been strictly adhered to. We believe this a broad and generous platform—wherever wishes to discourse to us Christian doctrine,

trine, and instruct us in the duties of Christian life, irrespective of a sectarian form of worship, to give us Bible truths without reference to any particular plan, we will receive and listen to with pleasure. In this belief we are supported by many others. We also think no discussions in regard to any particular sect should be had from our desk on Sundays. Some of our best mute instructors, in different States, have given as their opinion that they have found it favorable to the promotion of liberal Christian feeling to have Christian denominations united in worshipping together; and it is also the opinion of many that the deaf-mutes should not be gathered into any particular church. Within a short time past I have been spoken to in regard to a building for your particular use, and should the present united feeling continue, steps may be taken in that direction. Encouraged by the past, let us in the future try to banish all envy, malice, hate, and to bring in good will and peace, and a purer, better day. Let truth and honor lead our ways.

A generous public, through whose liberal contributions our society has been sustained, has our hearty thanks and it should be the aim of all of us to show ourselves worthy, in every respect, of their confidence. We must return our thanks to all those visiting our rooms, who, by their correct behavior and declaration to discuss affairs of a sectarian or personal nature, have contributed much to the quietness of the society. To Mr. E. Welch and the editors of the different papers, for favors received, we are also indebted. To our treasurer, Mr. James Sturgis, for the gentlemanly manner in which he has always received the different members of the committee, and listened to their requests, we also tender our thanks. To our trustees, Martin Bremmer, Francis Brooks, Joseph Story and Jas. Sturgis, we are also much indebted for the interest they have taken in our affairs. May they ever be held in grateful remembrance by us all, in whose behalf they have allowed the use of their names.

Our agents are not forgotten, and we assure them they are not. We believe they have labored faithfully to sustain the society.

The influence of the establishment of such a society has not been confined simply to Boston alone. Its good effects have been, and will be, felt all over the State and country, and we have witnessed the rise of new societies and missions which have been organized in different places, thus showing that our efforts have not been made in vain.

In conclusion let me say, may the New Year, which we have just commenced, be a happy and prosperous one, spiritually, physically and financially. May it be a year of hope and joy to those who have found, and may find, peace and comfort in believing.

"A beautiful land by faith we see,
A land of rest from sorrow free;
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.
Will you go? Will you go,
Go to that beautiful land with me?

That beautiful land, the City of Light;
It ne'er has known the shades of night,
The glory of God, the Light of day,
Has driven the darkness far away."

REPORTER.

A Letter from Thomaston, Conn.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As I thought that you would be happy to have some news to publish in your excellent paper, I will give you some.

Thomaston, in the Naugatuck Valley, was set off by the Legislature two years ago from Plymouth, and named after Thomas the world-wide known member of the firm of the Seth Thomas Clock Company. It is noted for the manufacture of the celebrated weight, spring, lever, and calendar clocks and also the tower clocks, for which they, the only manufacturers in this country, received the award of a medal at the Centennial Exhibition. Some of your readers might have seen their fine works and a mammoth tower clock at the Exhibition. Frank A. Crossman and I are the turners in the movement room, and there are two deaf-mutes, John Muth and Charles Baldwin, working in the case shop.

I am happy to say that the Boston deaf-mutes lost one of the most prominent and respectable members, Mr. J. P. Marsh, who was telegraphed to by a friend and came here. He has got a job, unexpectedly, in the case shop, last week.

With pleasure, I would say that Mr. James R. Hine, a deaf-mute, of Waterbury, 9 miles south of here, was one of the best shoemakers, working for Caleb Freeman, the shoe and boot dealer, for many years; but he his father, Isaac Hine, also a deaf-mute, are now doing business for themselves. I wish them much prosperity. There are about ten deaf-mutes living in that city, and all doing well.

What you say about the "Mutual Auxiliary" is very good and will help the deceased subscribers' friends greatly who may be in needy circumstances. I will persuade my deaf-mute friends along the Naugatuck Railroad to subscribe for your paper. Hoping that your most excellent paper is on the road to success, I am, yours truly,

E. C. OULDS.

March 29, 1878.

